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AARDVARK-VANAHEIM PRESENTS

CEREBUS

56
NOV

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A Note from the Publisher

This past month has been a strange one, and yet has had its share of excitement.

I am now moved into my apartment, and admit to a certain sense of wonder in learning how to cope with living on my own. I've never really gone this route before, so every day becomes a new learning experience.

Coupled with that, is our plans for Aardvark-Vanaheim's new title *normalman* by Valentino. (See back cover ad). To give you a bit of a "sneak preview" of our new endeavour, Unique in Cerebus #56 and #57 will be showcasing normalman in his own story, "Something Like An Origin". I hope that those of you who enjoy this two-part story, will take the opportunity to check out normalman when it appears in January. I've never really done a colour book before, and I am learning a very healthy respect for publishers who have been dealing with these "daily calamities" all along. I have found that it's not as easy as it looks, but I am getting some excellent help and advice from various people "in the industry".

In reading this month's issue, I found that Dave's ability to twist a story 180°, and still have it be touching and hilarious at the same time has grown stronger and stronger.

"The Mystic We" travels down some paths that have seldom been seen in the realm of comics. But then, if that wasn't so, this wouldn't be Cerebus!

Take care, and I'll see you again next month.

Deni

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ORIGIN OF THE WOLVEROACH

[PART]
3

**[THE
MYSTIC
WE]**

SNIKT

**TERROR
IN A
TINY
DRIVEWAY!**

**SNIKT
SNIKT**

**THE
WOLVEROACH
STRIKES
BACK!...**

**D'CROSSABOWS-A
BOLTS -- DEY JUST
A-BOUNCING OFF...**

**HE'S-A
NOT-A
HUMAN!**

TING

TWANG

SPWANG!



WHATEVER WEISSHAUPT
USED TO LINE HIS COSTUME,
IT WASN'T LEAD-- THE
CROSSBOWS AREN'T
MAKING A DENT
...

I CAN'T
LOOK...

I JUST
CAN'T

WHAT'S
HAPPENING
NOW?

THUMP
THUMP

SOMEONE'S
AT THE
DOOR...

MM--NO. THE BUG
JUST BOUNCED A COUPLE
OF SOLDIERS OFF
OF IT...

THEY'RE
GOING TO
KILL HIM...

I JUST
KNOW
IT...

ONLY IF HE HAS
A HEART ATTACK
FROM KICKING
THEM ALL OVER
YOUR FRONT YARD
...

NOW HE'S RUNNING
AWAY-- AROUND THE
SIDE OF THE HOUSE
...

A FEW OF THE
SOLDIERS
ARE LIMPING
AFTER HIM
...



SNIFF



HEY...

HE'LL BE
OKAY...



HOW
CAN YOU
BE SO
CERTAIN?



BECAUSE EVEN
CEREBUS WOULD
THINK TWICE ABOUT
A SCRAP WITH
THAT BUG...

AND HIS
NEW
MUSCLES



SOMEHOW I
DON'T FIND
THAT VERY
REASSURING



WHAT'S
THAT
SUPPOSED
TO MEAN?





YOU DID
THAT VERY
WELL. TURN
LEFT.

NOW STRAIGHT
AHEAD THREE STEPS
AND THEN TO YOUR
LEFT, AGAIN.

NOW JUST KEEP
WALKING 'TIL
YOU SEE THE
LIGHT...



HI,
THERE.

FGSSSS

ALL RIGHT
BUG--WHAT
ARE YOU DOING
TALKING INSIDE
CEREBUS'
HEAD WITHOUT
MOVING YOUR
LIPS!?

PROFESSOR
CHARLES X.
CLAREMONT!



IT IS
NOT HE WHO
IS SPEAKING
TO YOU...

IT IS
I...



CHARLES X.
CLAREMONT?

DEAD? NONSENSE, CHILD, BEING
CRUSHED BETWEEN MY APOCALYPSE
BEASTS* MERELY TRANSFORMED
ME INTO A NEAR-DEITY...

HOWEVER...

BUT YOU'RE
DEAD!

MY PHYSICAL FORM,
AFTER UNDERGOING THE
ORDEAL, WAS IN NO
CONDITION TO HOUSE MY
OMNIPOTENCE!...

...SO I'VE BORROWED
BOZO HERE FOR A
WHILE...

* YES, THAT ISSUE... dave



LOOK-- NOT TO
PUT TOO FINE A
POINT ON IT, BUT I
HAVE THESE PLANS

SO! I'M
GOING TO HAVE TO
ASK YOU TO TAKE
YOUR LEAVE OF
THE COUNTESS
...

I'M
SURE YOU
UNDERSTAND
...

I HOPE
YOU DON'T
MIND...

MIND!?

OF COURSE
CEREBUS
MINDS

WHY DO YOU
THINK YOU
...

SHE
DOESN'T
LOVE YOU,
YOU KNOW





AYE.

CEREBUS
KNEW
THAT.

WELL, ACTUALLY, YOU DIDN'T.
AS A MATTER OF FACT, YOU
STARTED REHEARSING YOUR
"CEREBUS FEELS CONFINED
IN THESE DAMN CITIES,
CEREBUS HAS TO BE FREE"
SPEECH THIS MORNING...

YOU FIGURED AT
ANY MINUTE SHE
WAS GOING TO SAY
"I LOVE YOU"



WELL...

SHE DOESN'T
AND SHE
WON'T...

I'M ALL-
KNOWING,
SO YOU CAN
TAKE MY
WORD FOR
IT...

YOU'RE RIGHT. GO AND TALK TO
HER. FIND OUT FOR YOURSELF.
SHE'S JUST STARTING TO
WONDER WHY YOU'RE TAKING
SO LONG...

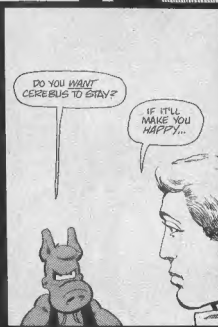
HERE'S THE BOTTLE
YOU CAME DOWN
FOR. IT'S LABELLED
AS BEING TEN YEARS
OLD, BUT IT'S ACTUALLY
FIFTEEN...

TRUST
ME...
I'M...

LOOK!

...ALL-KNOWING.
CEREBUS HEARD
YOU THE FIRST
TIME...





FORGET-ABOUT-
WHETHER-IT-
WILL-MAKE
CEREBUS-
HAPPY!



DO-YOU-WANT
CEREBUS
TO
STAY?



IF YOU WANT TO
STAY, STAY...IF YOU
DON'T WANT TO
STAY, DON'T STAY...



YOU WANT
CEREBUS
TO LEAVE?



I DIDN'T
SAY
THAT...



YOU WANT
CEREBUS
TO STAY?



ONLY IF YOU
WANT TO



YOUR
SERVE.



YOU THINK THIS
IS SOME KIND
OF Joke?

NO,
CEREBUS
...

IF CEREBUS LEFT YOU'D
MISS HIM AND YOU
KNOW IT...

OF COURSE, I MISS
EVERYONE WHEN
THEY LEAVE
...

DON'T
YOU?



YOU KNOW,
I HAVEN'T SLEPT IN
MY CLOTHES SINCE
I WAS FIFTEEN...

SO, I'M GOING
UPSTAIRS TO
CHANGE...

AND WHAT'S
CEREBUS
GOING
TO DO?

HAVE
ANOTHER
DRINK,
I'D IMAGINE
...



GULF
GULF
GULF

DO PEOPLE THINK
ALCOHOL WAS
HELPING MATES?

UNTIL SHE SAID
YOU WERE GOIN'
DOWN.

WOULD YOU
MIND BEING NOT
QUITE SO ALL-
KNOWING?

CEREBUS HAS
ENOUGH AGGRAVATION
RIGHT NOW...



ACTUALLY, IF IT WILL
PUT YOUR MIND AT REST,
ASTORIA ALREADY KNOWS
YOU'RE STAYING HERE.

UNFORTUNATELY, SHE
ISN'T JEALOUS BECAUSE
SHE NEVER LOVED YOU.

SO, YOU CAN
LEAVE ANY TIME
AND NO ONE
WILL CARE, OR
WILL OR WON'T.

GULF
GULF
GULF



ACTUALLY, THAT'S
NOT A BAD
IDEA, YOU
KID.

OH

THAT
IDEA

REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED
IN TEST... YOU LET EVERYONE
ELSE RUN THE SHOW...
IF YOU DON'T TAKE CONTROL,
YOU RELINQUISH IT.

CONTROL!

AYE! THAT'S
T.

HEAV

WHAT
IDEAS?

WELL

HAVE ANOTHER
DRINK.

GULP!
GULP!

AYE
AYE.

FOR HER. TELL HER
SHE CAN'T PRETEND
THERE'S NOTHING
GOING ON...

I'M MAKING
LUNCH IF
YOU WANT
SOME...

VICHY DOESN'T
FEEL UP TO
IT...

CEREBUS
HAS
SOMETHING
TO TELL
YOU...

THAT CORPORAL
CAME BY-- HE
SAID ARTEMIS
GOT AWAY
THROUGH THE
WOODS...

SO IT LOOKS
LIKE YOU
WERE RIGHT...

CEREBUS
IS TIRED OF
BEING PUSHED
AROUND...

IT'S LIKE
THIS...

slice-a
slice-a
slice-a
slice-a

CEREBUS
FEELS IT'S TIME
FOR YOU TO
FACE A FEW
FACTS...

IT'S NOT A
GOOD IDEA
A WOMAN
LIVING ALONE,
THESE DAYS

YOU NEED SOME
PROTECTION
FROM ALL THE
DANGEROUS
TYPES AROUND
HERE...

PROTECTION
CEREBUS
CAN
PROVIDE

CEREBUS HAS
BEEN A
MERCENARY...

CEREBUS HAS
GUARDED
CARAVANS ALL
THE WAY TO THE
T'CAPMIN
KINGDOMS...

OF COURSE,
CEREBUS IS GOING
TO INSIST ON SOME
CHANGES...

TAP
TAP
TAP

FIRST, CEREBUS
WILL MOVE INTO
THE MASTER
BEDROOM WITH
YOU...

CRACK
CRACKLE
CRACK

GOOD
START.

plop

THAT WILL
LET EVERYONE
KNOW THAT IT'S
CEREBUS
WHO'S PROTECTING
YOU..

TAP
TAP
TAP

DON'T LET
UP, SHE'S
REALLY
AFRAID OF
LOSING
YOU,
NOW!

CRACK
CRACKLE
CRACK

IT WOULD BE
BETTER IF YOU
DIDN'T HAVE
SO MANY
VISITORS, TOO

IT
LOOKS
BAD

plop

DON'T
FORGET
THE BANK
ACCOUNT

TAP
TAP
TAP

OH, RIGHT
CEREBUS
WANTS
ACCESS
TO YOUR
BANK
ACCOUNT,
TOO...

CRACK
CRACKLE
CRACK

COMPROMISE,
NOW-- THE
KITCHEN!

plop

THE KITCHEN
WILL BE YOUR
TERRITORY...
CEREBUS
CAN'T TELL
YOU WHAT
TO DO
IN THE
KITCHEN.
EVER

**TAP
TAP
TAP**

ASK HER
WHAT
SHE'S
MAKING

**CRACK
CRACKLE
CRACK**

WHAT
ARE
YOU
MAKING?

plop

EGG
SALAD WOULD
YOU LIKE
SOME?

**MASS
MASS**

**MASS
MASS**

SURE

SURE



THE GULLIBILITY OF MERE
MORTALS NEVER CEASES
TO AMUSE ME

WORK

I'VE BEEN TRICKED
BY DIM-WITTED YOUNG
FRIEND -- HORN-
WAGGLER BAMBOO
FLIM-FLAMMED

HUM?

SHE WASN'T
AFRAID OF LOSING
CEREBLIS?

YOU'RE JUST
LUCKY SHE WASN'T
STILL SLICING

TOLD HER SHE
COULD RUN THE
KITCHEN

YOU KNOW FOR SOMEONE SO
OTHERLY UNIQUE, YOU DISPLAY
SIMPLY APPALLING PENCHANT
FOR MISPLACING YOUR
LOYALTIES

AND NOW
YOU'RE DONE
AS THEY SAY
LIKE DINNER

YOU'VE LOST

GO BACK TO

ACCEPT
THIS

WHAT ORIGINAL
IDEA?

STEALING
THE THOUSAND
CROWN BRIBE
YOU TOLD HER
YOU NEEDED
TO GET A
DEFERRAL
ON HER
PALMAN
TAXES

IF AREA
IT WILL
MAKE
YOU FEEL

FLITTLE REVEREND
DOES GOOD WITH
HARD TIMES

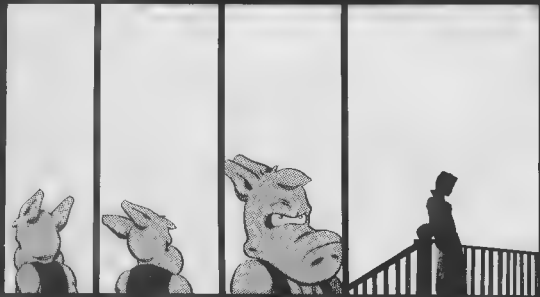
THAT
DEA

ISN'T THAT
WHAT YOUR
FATHER USED
TO SAY

IF YOU'RE THREE
FEET TALL, YOU LOOK ABOUT
FIVE YEARS OLD; YOU HAVE
THE REMNANT OF AN
ORPHANED PUPPY
AND A NEED FOR A
MOTHER-SUBSTITUTE
UPON WHICH I COULD
FLOAT HIS HOLINESS'S
TRADING FLEET

WILL FIND
SOMEONE
ELSE IN
TIME





HERE'S THE
THOUSAND
CROWNS



COURIER'S
POUCH--JUST
LIKE YOU
SAID..



JUST
TO SAVE YOU
THE TROUBLE
OF CUTTING IT
OPEN...



HERE'S
THE
KEY...





SLAM



NEXT:
"UNREQUITED
INFATUATION"
or
"The
After-Effects
of
Stealing
from
Widows"

A UNIQUE STORY



"AND ARRIVED AT THE CALCULATION THAT HIS WORLD WAS GOING TO SELF-DESTRUCT IN 8 HOURS..."



"LIKE ANY GOOD CITIZEN, HE TOOK THIS INFORMATION TO HIS WORLD'S SCIENCE COUNCIL, WHERE, AFTER SEVERAL MINUTES OF GENERAL HYSTERIA, THEY REJECTED HIS HYPOTHESIS."



"UNDAUNTED, THE JUNIOR CPA TOOK A SHORT DETOUR TO A LOCAL HOBBY SHOP."



"AND HE SPENT THE NEXT FEW HOURS ASSEMBLING THE ROCKET AND TALKING TO HIMSELF."

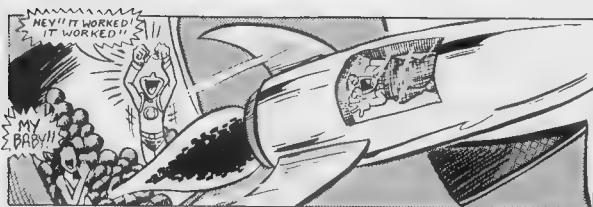


"NOT ME! I'M GOING TO SEND OUR SON! YOU'RE WHAT?"



"OUR ENTIRE RACE MAY PERISH, BUT OUR SON WILL LIVE ON!!"





"HIS SHIP WANDERED AIMLESSLY THROUGH THE VAST EMPTINESS OF DEEP SPACE UNTIL IT CAME TO OUR WORLD, LEYRAM, SOME TWENTY YEARS LATER."

"HE WAS **FORCEFULLY**
EJECTED FROM HIS ROCKET

"AND **KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS**
ON THE SIDEWALK

"IT WAS SELF-EVIDENT
THAT HE WAS. **DIFFERENT**

WHERE? AM I?

OH NO

I'VE GOTTA
RE DREAMING
THIS!

CAN I GIVE YOU
A HAND UP, SON?

GET A LOAD
OF HIS
COSTUME!

THIS CAN'T
BE REAL!

YOU YOU'RE ALL
SUPER-HEROES!

WERE I NOT
EVERYONE?

HEY I'M
NASTY-GIRL,
WANNA SEE
MY POWER.

AND I'M **CAPTAIN EVERYTHING!**
I HAVE THE ABILITY TO COME
UP WITH A NEW SUPER-POWER
AT EVERY PLOT TWIST!

OH MY

EVERYTHING

WHAT'S YOUR
POWER, SON?

WELL, THAT IS,
ER, I MEAN WELL
I DON'T HAVE ANY
SUPER POWERS!

SAY WHAT??

TOKEN
MAN

DLD

THE POPULACE WAS, OF COURSE,
QUITE STARTLED TO HEAR
THE DEVIANT'S ADMISSION..



AARDVARK C O M M E N T

P.O. BOX 1674, STATION 'C', KITCHENER, ONTARIO N2G 4R2

Dear Dave and Deni,

Hello. You guys put out the best comic book I have ever seen. What more can I say. I started reading Cerebus about six months ago when I saw an ad for it in the Elfquest Gatherum and my friend had bought a copy. All I can say is that it is wierd. That is probably the highest praise I'll ever give to anything because I like wierd things. (Thus the reason for my falling in love with the Moon Roach) My friends think I'm wierd. My non-friends think I'm wierd (probably because they're jealous that I read comics). My parents think I'm wierd. And probably now you think I'm wierd. But that doesn't bother me! The Moon Roachess ignores stuff like that! NYAH hahahahahahaha! she chortles with an evil gleam in her eye!

ahem

Sorry about that. Being wierd is the best defense.

I have to go now. I'm late for my Wierdos Anonymous meeting.

Live long and Wierd.

Sheila Regan
Natick, Massachusetts
USA (where else, eh?)

Would one of our kind readers like to take up a collection to buy Weird (Double-you, ee, aye) Sheila Regan a dictionary?

Dear Dave & Deni,

I'm writing this over dinner at a local McDonald's....

I've loved the past two issues of Cerebus (#s 52 and 53) the Barry

Windsor-Smith work in and on the cover of Swords was great; and "Quoth The Reagan. Nevermore..." is the best backup feature you've ever had. I lift my McCoke to you.... Cheers!!!

Randy S. Telarico
8 Mountview Rd. E.
Bath, N.Y., 14810

Try the McQuiche, I hear it's very good.

Dear Dave and Deni,

I am already loving this new direction that Cerebus is taking. The covers of issues #53 and #54 show that Dave is still allowing his artistic talent to grow. I definitely hope to see more back cover drawings.

In issue #53 we see the introduction of Wolveroach and then in issue #54 we are told the origin of Wolveroach. A week ago I heard about the X-men/Cerebus team-up that might be forth coming. I hope that Wolveroach is around long enough to have a nice "chat" with Wolverine. (If not, we would be missing a very funny scene). As for the Wolveroach himself, he has the potential to be the most hilarious Artemis identity yet.

Scott Lingle
520 E. Hinckley Avenue,
Ridley Park, PA., 19078

The Cerebus/X-Men book is a long way from lifting off: right now, we have a clear intention on the part of the individuals who were in on it from the beginning Jim Shooter, Chris Claremont and myself, to go

ahead with it at some time, in some form. Since I have all the initial ideas Chris and I have tossed around in hand, I'm going to have to prepare some kind of formal proposal to tie it all together. I've just finished warming up with a five page portfolio of pin-ups of Marvel characters for Al Milgrom's *Marvel Fanfare*. Next I'm doing the Cerebus short stories (about Cerebus' childhood days) for *Archie Goodwin's Epic magazine*, I hope by Spring I'll be ready to throw myself into a project of the size a Cerebus/X-Men crossover deserves. I'll keep you all posted on how things develop. I've been promising Dick Giordano a Batman cover for a year now, so don't hold your breath.

Hi,

I feel like such a jerk. I mean, like, I live in the most with-it city in the world, you know, and like, I consider myself really informed about almost everything that's really neat, right. And so I, like, get involved right away with anything that's totally happening. Hot tubs, hang gliding, and aerobic-like-dancing, you know. I got really into those things, cause they were just peachy-keen, and when I go for it, I really go for it, you know. Fer sure.

But my Gawd, the first Cerebus I read was #45. I'm so embarrassed, I could just die. That Aardvark, like, he's just soooo cute, you know what I mean?

Actually, Cerebus is the first comic I've read since *The Witching Hour*, and *Swamp Thing* (circa 1970). Until the Aardvark, I've always looked at comics as pubescent, escapist masturbation. Cerebus has changed my mind. I'm reading everything my comic store can stock and my wallet can afford. Yet, of all the comics I read, yours has always remained in

my highest praise. The art, humour, dialogue, and mind-tickling characters have remained consistently excellent, and I have faith in continued excellence.

I just wish I'd turned on earlier. Thanks.

J.P. Osnes
2040 Walnut St.,
Boulder, CO., 80302

Oh, wow, like, don't have kittens over it, you know? I'm just, like, rilly glad yer here, now. It's like, Cosmic or fate or like that, almost, you know? Fer sure.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Dear Dave and Deni,

As a reader of Cerebus since issue 6 this is a letter I have meant to write for some time. My own procrastination has until now, or maybe tomorrow, won out.

Just received #54. It made me go back and read 51-53 for the first time. Yes, the first time. When 'High Society' ended (I re-read 26-50 twice) I found it hard to get used to the Aardvark out of power. I liked 'High Society' so much I felt a malaise when it ended and as my subscription issues arrived after 50 they just went on the shelf with the others. Until now.

I see now that the intrigue and pacing and satire that were most of what I liked in High Society are still there.

Some individual comments.

51 - I seem to recall a comment of yours in a letter column where you said that you could put Lord Julius, Cerebus and Elrod in a closet and it would write itself. Well, you added a few people and I don't know whether or not it wrote itself, but it was hilarious.

52 - The short story idea worked quite well, I thought. Nice to see Silverspoon again. The Elfquest segment was great.

53 - Ah, Heaven. The countess is

an interesting and enigmatic character that offers so much potential. Hope she stays around.

54 - Weissaupt returns, long one of my favourite minor characters, which would have been enough, but "The origin of the Wolveroach" was marvelous. The reprise of 'Cockroach', 'Captain Cockroach', and 'Moon Roach', combined with the details that have always been missing from his career (at least in my opinion) was fascinating. In addition you add more mystery. (Sir Gerrik, the countess's reaction to whores and credit, the Lower Felda....Palnu coalition, etc.) Everytime you refer to something I've never heard of I have this frantic urge to search back issues for something I've missed. Ah well.

In closing just a brief comment about 'High Society'. I think it's the finest extended story in comics. I've always enjoyed Cerebus because it amused me and it required some cogent thought processed to read. 'High Society' was Cerebus at its (and his) best to date.

Can't wait for the next 246.

Keep warm.

Ed King
18-A Carty Place
Corner Brook, Nfld.,
A2H 6B6

The High Society story-line comprising as it does virtually half of the issues to date, tends to overshadow what went before and what comes after. But then, that's what makes these post-High Society story-lines interesting to develop. Glad you've come back.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Dear Fellow Human Beings,
Dave and Deni:

Remember those two letters you printed in Cerebus #52, about the Mike Bannon Fan Club? Well, it seemed like a good idea

to me, so I sent in my application and membership fee, but darned if they didn't reject me! I was crushed! Do you think you could put in a good word for me? Those guys have real strict standards.

Sincerely,

Mike Bannon,
2453 Martin Drive,
Dubuque, Iowa 52001

The vote was three to one, Mike. If it's any consolation, Deni voted for you.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Dear Dave and Deni:

I feel compelled to write to you in praise of your most excellent magazine Cerebus. Understand - I am not a comic book reader. I don't particularly care for comics, though my roommate (an avid reader and collector) is continuously thrusting his treasures at me and ordering me to "read this one". I've sampled a few of these offerings, but nothing caught my interest until I tried Cerebus. What can I say? Marvelous, superb.....a priceless treasure. Reading Cerebus is now my chief pleasure in life (no kidding!). In my opinion it is a mistake to label Cerebus a "comic book". A separate descriptive category seems appropriate (perhaps something on the order of "graphic fiction"?). Whatever, Cerebus is in a class of itself.

I would like to ask one question concerning the text: 1) If women are not permitted to vote (as you imply via Astoria's admission #50), how is it that the abess has sole control of the representation of Grace District? (issue #40)

One more thing: Since I have just begun to collect Cerebus with issue #51, it is of paramount importance to me to know:

2) When do you plan to publish the 25-issue collections CEREBUS THE BARBARIAN and CEREBUS IN HIGH SOCIETY? (Also the "addition-

Liddy! Do people like that only want to "tear off a little piece" as the opportunity presents itself? To be truer to the political scene, I should think "High Society" would have portrayed best in the grip of -- not money-grabbing thieves -- but a well-organized group of idelolgues who are committed at least to some extent to getting the city-state "on the right path" not that I think the outcome of the novel would be a bit different for all that. Of course, it would have been very tough to get many laughs out of that.

To move on: Apologies to all the readers of my letter who groaned when I compared "High Society" to Balzac. I got a little carried away. The comparison does great disservice not only to one of the titans of artistic endeavour, but also (I need hardly point out) to you, who hardly need to be saddled with such a burden at this point in your career. But let me temper my offense somewhat by saying that the more I read of Balzac, the more strongly I suggest you take him as your model. He seems to be interested in all the same things you are.

Alen Varney
20689 Park Circle West #2
Cupertino, CA., 95014

Indeed, I was a little simplistic in my assessment of idealism. Certainly I think most people engaged in any enterprise of a political nature, tend to believe in something in their heart of hearts. I am not entirely certain if that's just my own idealism colouring my viewpoint, though. I'm idealistic about my work, which is something I don't see much in the people I know. It's a very different thing from a desire to "be a good worker" or "trying to please the boss". It should not be overlooked that the course the New Republicanism was following "one man one vote" in the oldest Bastion of orthodox Tarimite thought in Estarcion was wildly impractical. As political forces go, it probably had the least chance of long-term success. It's adherents (Filgate, to use your own example) tended to be attracted to it as the winning side (even more so after the election). They probably would have paid more than lip service to it, if not for the overwhelming sense that it couldn't last. You don't change orthodox Tarimites into Republicans with a few political victories, though they'll probably show up at your election night party.

Aardvarks Inc.

I am 13 years old. I own a (very) modest comic collection of approximately 266 comics. I make about 3.50 a week. And yet I, Joe fan,

am tempted to the verge of insanity to sell 3/4 of my life, four color that is, (or 2 color, I'm not prejudiced) to the local comic shop for about 1/3 of what I put into 'em and buy the pig's first issue. Whew. We're talking 200 clams, and lets face it, sports fans, that'll buy a lot of X-Men.

And although it's basically, financially possible, it's still tough. But, I'm gonna do it. Sure, I can hear John Aardvark fan screaming "who cares" at me. But I thought *you* might. Yeah, I know, you guys don't get money every time some poor sucker slaps down his money. But I thought it might give you an idea of how much that stupid gray blot of ink means to me.

Yep, I know I could get the first 15 or so issues in reprints for less than 30 bucks, but well (I hope) you know how it is.

And, to tell the truth I really don't care if you put this in your letter column. No - No - I didn't mean that -- I want you to reread this, Sim's, and think about what I'm saying. It's all true.

Joe Schreiber
6125 Marlow
Portage, MI. 49081

Dear Dave,

I'm gonna get you for this. I saw you at the "Comics and Comics" convention in July and I didn't (please forgive me) even know who you were.

"Cerebus, who's he?"

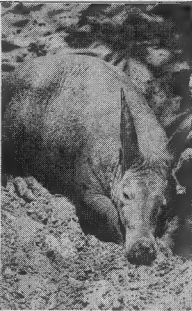
"You don't know who Cerebus is?"

That did it. I'm 13 years old and can only get money from my paper route, but still, I managed to get Swords of Cerebus (all five volumes) and issues 35-53 plus the animated Cerebus in 3 months!! And now I'm even collecting Neil the Horse and Journey since they're Aardvark-Vanaheim.

I really have to hand it to you, you really know how to make a 13 year old kid broke and in love with a comic book at the same time. Howard the Duck? Fozzie Bear? No way!! Cerebus the Aardvark rules the earth.

Adrian Hill
4516 West 8th
Vancouver, BC V6R 2S5

My lifelong ambition. Corruptor of Youth. Any more thirteen year olds who want to send me all their money, the address is "I'm Dave Sim and I want all your money" Box 1674 Stn "C", Kitchener, Ontario. Make sure all coins are wrapped securely.



The legendary aardvark (earth pig) both bears and smells termites moving about deep underground.

Page 79 of SMITHSONIA magazine
August 1983
Submitted by
Janet McGuire
4804 Edgfield Road,
Bethesda, MD 20814

NOTES

So now you know.

Deni and I have separated.

It is a trial separation right now, but it does tend to feel a trifle more permanent now that we are not living together. We still run the company together with little or no friction, which pleases us both immensely. We will still be attending some conventions together and once a month we'll continue to talk to you from either end of this comic book.

I'm trying to avoid turning this into "Mummy and Daddy both love you very much, but Mummy and Daddy have to go away from each other for a little while".

So let's be grownups about this, okay?

No black roses in the mail, no twelve pages discourses on the trauma of love, no "hope you get back together real soon" on the end of letters. Fair enough?

We've had a wonderful seven years together and we are both still having a good time as partners in Aardvark-Vanaheim. What can I say.

"You should have been there"

Dr. Winston O'Boogie